

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

A TALK WITH DONNA

Isn't it strange, little book, that most of us think we are immortal. We go along seeing death on every side; our friends are snuffed out every day and yet we never think that some time the sun will be shining and we will not be here to see.

I am moved to this old and obvious thought by the fact that while Bill Tenney was in more or less bad health for many months and toward the last must have known death was near, yet he did nothing toward settling up his affairs.

Donna Tenney was over here yesterday. Poor woman, she knows very little about the status of Bill's affairs, except that a small life insurance of \$10,000 has been paid to her.

"Fifty-one shares in a patent which brought Bill in an income of \$40,000 last year will now be under the management of his partner—a man of no business ability and one whom I do not trust at all," she said. "Bill also owns a fourth interest in another business which he bought to please a friend and which for a number of years brought him ten thousand a year. These are the two properties from which I expect to derive my income."

"Poor Bill!" she exclaimed, "you don't know how lonely and forsaken I feel without him. The last few years of our life together were very happy, Margie. I had learned to look on his idiosyncrasies with the same leniency with which I would have regarded them had I not been married to him, and he had come to the conclusion that, after all, I was perhaps the woman who tired him least."

"But, oh, Margie! I believe I miss him most because I have no one now to talk to. Don't smile dear!"

"I am not smiling at you, Donna," I said. "We women must have some one to talk to."

I sometimes think that a woman

might forgive her husband anything provided, when he was with her, he seemed interested in the things of which she liked to talk.

"I have never known a woman, Donna, who did not love a sympathetic listener."

"You may say, 'but should she not become interested in her husband's affairs?'"

"She always is, my dear. Every woman is intensely interested in her husband's affairs and often her greatest sorrow is that he will not discuss them with her."

"A few years ago a man who had been very much in love with a friend of mine who died came to call on me."

"He wanted to talk of my friend who, he said, had been the most satisfactory confidant he had ever known. 'She could talk to me sanely about my business,' was his comment, 'and she was not horrified at my pleasures. I would take her advice about my business transactions quicker than that of any man.'"

"I could not talk to my wife in the way I talked to her about my affairs."

"Why not," I asked. At this time I had only been married to Dick a little while and this glimpse into the mind of man was exceedingly new and interesting to me.

"Why she would not understand," he said with the utmost finality.

"Did you ever try her?" I asked.

"Yes, in a way," he said.

"What way?" I insisted. "Did you explain your affairs as carefully to her as you did to my friend, and did you in turn evince as much interest in what your wife told you as you did in my friend's affairs when she recited them to you?"

"He looked at me in surprise for an instant and then he fell back on the old excuse. 'She wouldn't understand.'"

"Poor man, I wanted to tell him